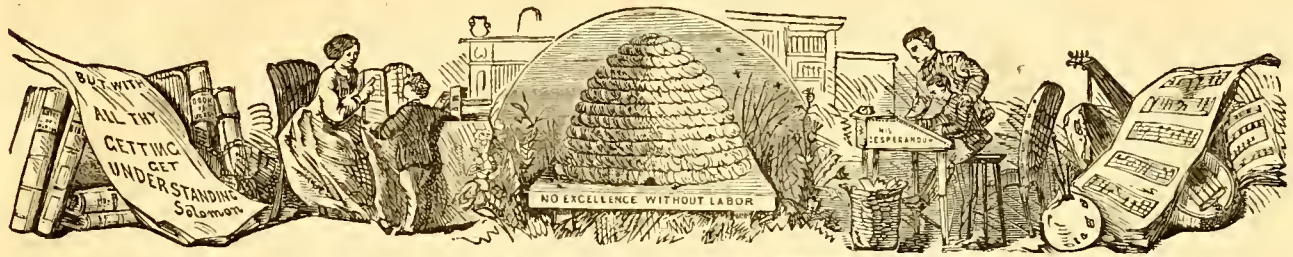


The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

NO. 9.

ROBIN HOOD'S LAST SHOT.

ROBIN Hood and the "merrie" men, of Sherwood forest, as they were called, have been made the heroes of many a story, and there are few who have lived or traveled in England, or who have read English history but what have heard something of the famed Robin. In fact his name has been handed down from generation to generation until it has become a household word in England, like William Wallace, the hero of Scotland, or the Swiss hero, Willim Tell.

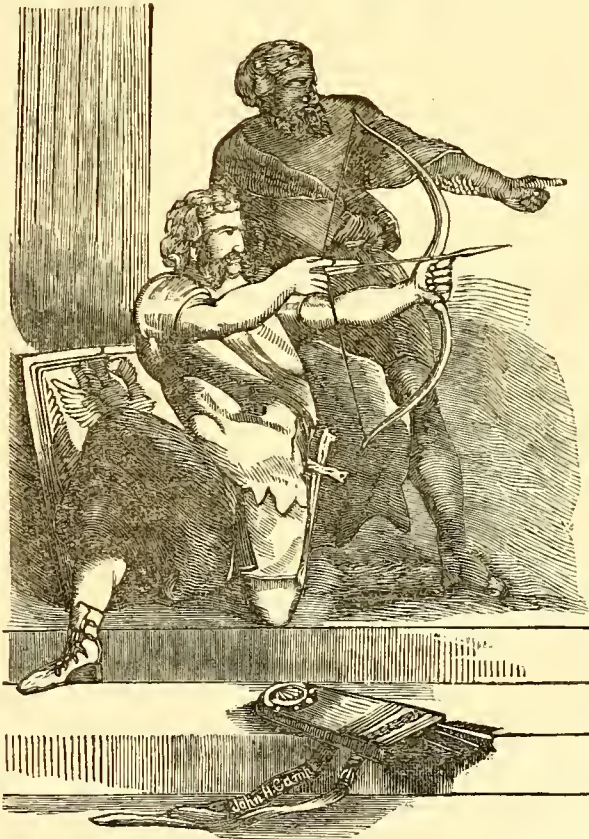
Almost every nation, whether ancient or modern has its traditionary heroes, whose memories are cherished and whose exploits are sung. It is so with the European nations at the present day; and the same is true of America. We are still young as a nation, but every State has its hero, whose fame has been handed down from the days of the early colonization of the continent by the white race. Many of the deeds of gallantry and daring attributed to these characters are founded on fact; but nearly all are increased or magnified by tradition. It is so, beyond doubt, with the hero of our sketch, Robin Hood; but that such a character did exist, and that he was famous, and was beloved by the common people is in all probability true.

History says that Robin Hood lived in the twelfth century; and Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire, England, was the scene of his principal exploits. The England of those days was very different to the England of to-day. The people were far more rude and uncultivated then than now. The whole country was owned by the Norman lords or barons, and the common people or Saxons were held in a state of vassalage, a condition not much superior in many respects to that of slavery. The great men of those times,—the lords and barons, used to make war on each other, and would compel their people or retainers to follow them to the field to fight, and they were compelled to contribute a

large portion of their time and the produce of their labor to support the nobles in their extravagance and wars. The result of this was that the generality of the people were in a state of great wretchedness.

Robin Hood, said to have been of Saxon blood, was a man in advance of his times. He viewed with hate the exercise of oppressive power by the nobles; and, though he was powerless to relieve the masses of his countrymen from the yoke of their oppressors, he determined not to endure them himself. He accordingly took to the life of a free-booter or robber, and he induced others to join him until he had quite a large band. They dug caves in the forest of Sherwood to dwell in, and lived by hunting the deer, which at that time was considered a very great crime, none but the King and the nobles being allowed by law to do so. Robin and his men also committed many robberies, but we never hear of their murdering; their robberies were usually committed on rich men, and high dignitaries in the Roman Catholic Church, who were the special objects of their dislike; and the gold of which they deprived their victims was generally distributed to the poor to relieve them of the distress they were compelled to endure.

Robin had two particular friends, one named Little John, a fellow considerably over six feet high, and the other Friar Tuck, a priest who thought more of venison, the flesh of the deer, and good wine, than he thought of praying and preaching. Many of the tricks of Robin and his crew were laughable as well as mischievous. It was no uncommon thing for them to capture a rich, fat Roman Catholic bishop and his attendants, and after detaining them and compelling them to fast awhile, or to live on very poor diet, and depriving them of their money, they would pinion their hands and then tie them securely on their horses, with their faces to the



tails of the animals, leaving the latter to go where they would.

Such outrages, of course, soon raised a hue and cry against the outlaws of Sherwood, and various means were resorted to for their capture. But there were no telegraphs or railways in existence then; and the common people were the friends of the band; Sherwood forest was large, and the entrances to their caves were known to none but themselves, and all efforts to capture them proved vain.

In those times the chief weapon in use was the bow and arrow, and Robin and his men were wonderfully skillful in the use of it, many of the feats recorded of them being so extraordinary that perhaps none now, but the best marksmen among the Indians could equal them.

Our engraving to-day represents Robin's last shot with his favorite weapon; an event which took place just before his death, that death, it is said by some traditions, being brought about by treachery. Robin had been hot pressed by some anxious to capture him, and he took refuge in the house of a woman, whom he supposed to be his friend. The excitement he had endured brought on a fever and, a leech, as doctors were then often called, being procured, he bled Robin in the arm.

As a reward was offered for his arrest, the woman in whose house he was staying, took off the bandage while Robin was asleep, and he lost so much blood as to cause his death. Just before that event, his friend Little John asked him where he would be buried, and Robin said the resting place of the arrow from his last shot should be the place of his burial. Other traditions say that Robin was pardoned by the King, but that grief over the death of his wife broke his heart. The precise truth in relation to his end cannot now be stated; but it is certain that soon after his death his band fell to pieces; but to-day, the caves in which they dwelt are pointed out to visitors to Sherwood.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

STEEL.

WE have seen that wrought-iron is very pure iron, having only a very small proportion of carbon in it; steel has a larger proportion than wrought-iron, and less than cast, or pig-iron. From this we may understand that steel may be made by *burning out* the carbon of cast-iron; or, by *adding carbon* to wrought iron. Thus we see there are then three forms of iron: cast-iron, which is a super-carburet, meaning that it is over charged with carbon; wrought-iron is the metal divested of other elements, in which state it is comparatively soft; and that of steel, in which it is a sub-carburet, being less charged with carbon, in which state it is harder and more elastic.

Many modes of making steel have been adopted, entirely different to that of the last century. At that time it was done by "cementation." By this process carbon was added to wrought-iron. To effect this, bars of iron were placed in boxes, with layers of charcoal, from which air was excluded. Thus, the charcoal and iron remained for days in a red-hot state, during which time the carbon appears to have been absorbed by the metal. Now, by this process, it becomes heavier by the absorption of carbon; this is curious; the carbon penetrates into every part of the metal, as many other solid substances would be by being *stewed* in a fluid. Steel may be then melted and cast into shape; it is then marked "cast steel."

There are many forms of steel, depending on tempering; the cutler has *his* various modes; the machinist has his; the watch and clock-spring maker gives the blue color and tempers, the delicate hair spring of the "movement," as the mechanical part of the watch is called; it has a straw color. The practiced eye knows the temper by the color, which depends on the degree of oxidation. There is a mode of hardening the surface of wrought-iron, by which it will have much of the hardness of steel, in which state it is susceptible of a higher polish than iron. This is called "case-hardening." It requires great experience and skill to do this effectively, so as not to affect the toughness of the iron. Great ingenuity is exercised also in economizing steel; chisels, axes, and other cutting instruments are frequently tongued together and welded. The face of a hammer, the chops of a vise, the cutting part of an axe, if examined by the observant student, will enable this to be seen.

We cannot examine all the forms that steel passes into by the skilful operative; nor of the Bessemer process of making that important substance. A hint as to the *principle* may be given, as it will apply to many modes, either adopted or recommended. By a skilful arrangement of the furnace in which iron is melted, as soon as the metal is ready to run off it flows into a large crucible full of holes, through which a strong blast of air is driven. This burns up all the carbon of the crude iron, and keeps up intense heat, thus keeping the metal melted. Some of the iron itself is also converted into oxide, as soon as the carbon is burned. At this time a proper proportion of *cast-iron* is added, which restores carbon enough to change the whole mass into steel. In this way, in half an hour, several tons of metal are said to be made; it is then run off into moulds for the market.

The strength, elasticity and durability of steel are very great; a fine wire, the sixteenth part of an inch in diameter, will sustain five hundred pounds; a fine spring in a watch movement will vibrate for a century without losing its elastic force; well polished steel may be preserved, away from damp, for ages. The cause of corrosion is the action of oxygen on a moist surface. Rust is then formed; the metal then goes back again into the form of earth, and forms the red oxide. When red-hot iron is beaten in the air, as at the blacksmith's forge, it forms the black oxide; if, however, iron filings are kept red hot in an iron vessel, they gradually take a full complement of oxygen, forming the per oxide or red oxide. The cause of our blue clays becoming red by burning is due to oxidation.

Before closing the subject of iron, the mode of manufacture of that metal in India may be described, as narrated by Dr. Meik, of this city. The forge is quite a primitive affair, merely formed of mud, a few feet high, and three or four feet in diameter. A hole at the bottom is for the exit of the metal when melted. A tube connected with two bellows, formed by a hollow cylinder covered with parchment or skin, with a small hole in the centre, as a valve. A long bamboo is attached to each bellows to give the bellows a spring. A boy stands on the bellows, and, by the moving of the feet, presses on the skin in such a manner as to force air through the nozzle of the bellows into the forge. By this means a double action causes a continued stream of air to pass into the furnace. The brown hematite is used as ore, in small nodules, as generally found; the fuel is very poor, wood piled up and fired, without protecting it from the action of the air; when burned sufficiently, water is thrown over it. At best this can be no better than charred wood. And yet the iron they obtain, which is run out carelessly, almost like a slag, by being beaten repeatedly and annealed, forms a

good steel! Here we see that carbon is absorbed from the fuel, which accounts for its "excellent quality," to use the words of the Dr. This is very interesting and instructive to us, as it shows that man in his primitive state may produce even steel in a very simple, but yet very ingenious and effective manner.

BETH.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."—
Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.

ONE day in September, when the engineer and thirty-one of his men were on the rock, the tender broke from its moorings, and began to drift away from the rock, just as the tide was rising. Mr. Stevenson, on, perched on an eminence above the rest, surveying them at their labors, was the first, and for a while, the men being all intent on their work, the only one, who observed what had happened. He said nothing, but went to the highest point of the rock, and kept an anxious watch on the progress of the vessel and the rising of the sea. First the men on the lower tier of the works, then by degrees those above them, struck work on the approach of the water. They gathered up their tools and made towards the spot where the boats were moored, to get their jackets and stockings and prepare for quitting the rock. What their feelings were when they found only a couple of boats there, and the tender drifting off with the other in tow, may be conceived. All the peril of their situation must have flashed across their minds as they looked across the raging sea, and saw the distance between the tender and the rock increasing every moment, while all around them the water rose higher and higher. In another hour, the waves would be rolling twelve feet and more above the crag on which they stood, and all hope of the tender being able to work round to them was being quickly dissipated. They watched the fleeting vessel and the rising tide, and their hearts sank within them, but not a word was uttered. They stood silently counting their numbers and calculating the capacity of the boats; and then they turned their eyes upon their trusted leader, as if their last hope lay in his counsel. Stevenson never forgot the appalling solemnity of the moment. One chance, and but a slender one, of escape alone occurred to him. It was that, stripping themselves of their clothes, and divesting the two boats, as much as possible, of everything that weighted and encumbered them, so many men should take their seats in the boats, while the others hung on by the gunwales; and that they should then work their way, as best they could, towards either the tender or the floating barrack. Stevenson was about to explain this to his men, but found that all power of speech had left him. The anxiety of that dreadful moment had parched his throat, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He stooped to one of the little pools at his feet to moisten his fevered lips with the salt water. Suddenly a shout was raised, "A boat! A boat!" and through the haze a large pilot boat could dimly be discerned making towards the rock. The pilot had observed the *Sneaton* drifting off, and, guessing at once the critical position of the workmen on the rock, had hastened to their relief.

Next morning when the bell sounded on board the barrack for the return to the rock, only eight out of the twenty-six workmen, beside the foreman and seamen, made their appearance on the deck to accompany their leader. Mr. Stevenson saw it would be useless to argue with them then. So he made no remark, and proceeded with the eight willing workmen to the rock, where they spent four hours at work. On returning to the barrack,

the eighteen men who had remained on board appeared quite ashamed of their cowardice; and without a word being said to them, were the first to take their places in the boats when the bell rang again in the afternoon.

At length the barrack was completed, and the men were then relieved from the toil of rowing backwards and forwards between the tender and the rock, as well as from the constant sickness which tormented them on board the floating barrack. They were now able to prolong their labors, when the tide permitted, into the night. At such times the rock assumed a singularly picturesque and romantic aspect—its surface crowded with men in all variety of attitudes, the two forges and numerous torches lighting up the scene, and throwing a lurid gleam across the waters, and the loud dong of the anvils mingling with the dashing of the breakers.

On the 18th July, 1808, the site having been properly excavated, the first stone of the lighthouse was laid by the Duke of Argyle; and by the end of the second season some five or six feet of building had been erected, and were left to the mercy of the waves till the ensuing spring. The third season's operations raised the masonry to a height of thirty feet above the sea, and the fourth season saw the completion of the tower. On the first night in February of the succeeding year (1811) the lamp was lit, and beamed forth across the waters.

The Bell Rock Tower is 100 feet in height, 42 feet in diameter at the base, and 15 feet at the top. The door is 30 feet from the base, and the ascent is by a massive bronze ladder. The "light" is revolving, and presents a white and red light alternately, by means of shades of red glass arranged in a frame. The machinery which causes the revolution of the lamp is also applied to the tolling of two large bells, in order to give warning to the mariner of his approach to the rock in foggy weather, thus reviving the traditional practice from which the rock takes its name.

"Having crept upon deck about four in the morning, I find we are beating to windward off the Isle of Tyree, with the determination on the part of Mr. Stevenson that his constituents should visit a reef of rocks called Skerry Vhor, where he thought it would be essential to have a lighthouse. Loud remonstrances on the part of the commissioners, who one and all declare they will subscribe to his opinion, whatever it may be, rather than continue this dreadful buffeting. Quiet perseverance on the part of Mr. Stevenson, and great kicking, bouncing, and squabbling upon that of the yacht, who seems to like the idea of Skerry Vhor as little as the commissioners. At length, by dint of exertion, came in sight of this long range of rocks (chiefly under water), on which the tide breaks in a most tremendous style. There appear a few low broad rocks at one end of the reef which is about a mile in length. These are never entirely under water, though the surf dashes over them. We took possession of it in the name of the commissioners, and generously bestowed our own great names on its crags and creeks. The rock was carefully measured by Mr. Stevenson. It will be a most desolate position for a lighthouse—the Bell Rock and Eddystone a joke to it, for the nearest land is the wild island of Tyree, at 14 miles distant."

Such is an entry in the diary of Sir Walter Scott's Yacht Tour, on the 27th August, 1814; but although the necessity of a lighthouse on the Skerry Vhor, or, as it is now generally called, Skerryvore, was fully acknowledged by the authorities, it was not till twenty-four years afterwards that the undertaking was actually commenced, under the superintendence of Mr. Alan Stevenson, the son of the eminent engineer who erected the Bell Rock Lighthouse.

(To be continued.)

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

UNTIL we visited Denmark, Sweden and Norway, we had an impression that the home of politeness and good manners was in the South of Europe; but in those northern countries we found the people well-bred and polite beyond anything we saw in any other country in Europe. Indeed, if we were to find any fault with them, it would be for carrying ceremony to too great an extreme. In Norway, a country which people who have not visited it are apt to think poor and rude, we were delighted at meeting the little boys and girls of the families of the Saints whose houses we visited, they were so well-behaved, and politeness came so natural to them. When they came in the house, the boys took off their hats, bowed and walked up and shook hands with the strangers with an easy grace which surprised us. The girls also were equally well-bred. If they felt any bashfulness, they were too well trained to show it, and it appeared to come no harder for them to do as they did, than it would be for some of our boys and girls to come into the house awkwardly, without taking off their hats or bonnets, or without speaking to any visitor who might be in. This is the custom of those countries, and the children are trained to observe it, and they do so without feeling that it is a trouble.

We often think that these habits might be taught to children in this country, with profit to themselves and pleasure to their companions, teachers and parents. It is as easy to have good manners, if people were trained to them, as it is to be rude and boorish; and how much more pleasant it is to witness them! It should be the aim of the Latter-day Saints especially, to observe those rules which will make them agreeable to their associates. Boys will grow to be men, and as men, they may have to go on missions and mix with the world. A man is frequently measured in the world by his behavior. If he is well-bred, he has more influence, and society treats him with more respect than if he is not. Even if a man never leaves his home, it is an advantage to him to understand and practice those rules, which will make his society agreeable to his family and friends. And then, how much good manners and an agreeable deportment are prized in girls and women! A woman who does not possess them is unfortunate and is to be pitied.

It is cultivation which frequently makes the difference between the desert and the beautiful garden. It is also cultivation which makes civilized man the superior of the savage. Men and women may have fine organizations and excellent natural endowments; but these are hidden if they are not cultivated. Children who receive cultivation from their parents, or who take pains to cultivate themselves, though not so much favored naturally as others, will excel them and be more useful. Children, put away rudeness and vulgarity. Recollect that you are called to be Saints, and you can not merit that honored title unless you are gentlemanly and ladylike in your manners.

THE largest army that ever was mustered, of which we have any account, was that of Xerxes, king of Persia. It is said that the army numbered 2,641,610 men, not including the people who followed the army, such as servants, women, sutlers and other people of that class. Add them to the army, and the number is swelled to upwards of 5,000,000. The king raised this army to go to war against Greece. Historians say that among all these millions of men there was not one equal with Xerxes, the king, in point of beauty, either for the comeliness of his face or the tallness of his person. The historian informs us what plan they took to count these forces. They gathered 10,000 men in a particular place, and made them stand in the ranks as close together as possible; then they drew a circle around them and built a little wall upon that circle about half the height of a man's body. When this was done, they made the whole army pass through this space; of course, every time they filled it they knew there were 10,000 men. This old historian was named Herodotus, and he is considered very truthful; but you would think that Xerxes might have hit upon an easier plan for counting his men.

Xerxes landed in Greece, and marched without any obstruction till he came to the strait of Thermopylae. Here he found the Grecians prepared to dispute his passage with 11,200 men, of which number 4,000 only were at Thermopylae, to defend the pass—a small number to oppose the millions of Xerxes. But these men were all resolved to either conquer or die. This pass was only twenty-five feet broad, and was the only way through which part of the army could advance by land to reach Athens. When Xerxes saw that his army was stopped by this handful of men, he waited four days for them to retreat, thinking they would get frightened at the magnitude of his hosts; and, during this time, he tried to bribe the Grecian leader, Leonidas. He told him that he would make him master of all Greece if he would come over to his side; but Leonidas rejected his proposal with scorn and indignation. He could not be bribed to betray his country. Xerxes afterwards wrote to him to deliver up his arms. Leonidas sent him as his answer; "*Come and take them.*"

As Xerxes could neither bribe nor frighten the Grecians, there was nothing left but to fight them, and he commanded a part of his forces to march against them, with orders to take them all alive, and bring them to him. They, however, could not stand the charge of the Grecians, and were shamefully put to flight. He next sent 10,000 of the best troops in his whole army, and the Grecians whipped them also. By this time Xerxes was puzzled, and scarcely knew what to do; but a man who lived near came to him, and showed him a secret path leading to a high point which overlooked the Grecian forces. He sent a number of troops there, who marched all night, and arrived there at the break of day.

When Leonidas saw them he knew they had the advantage of him. He obliged all of the army to leave him, except three hundred of his own people—Spartans—who all resolved to die with their leader and king. They knew they must perish; but they did not hesitate to sacrifice themselves for their country. Leonidas exhorted them to take some food, saying, that they would eat their next meal with Pluto, whom they believed to be the god of the region where the spirits of men went, after death. After which they set up a shout of joy, and advanced with their king to battle. The shock was exceedingly violent and bloody. Leonidas was one of the first that fell. His men defended his dead body with wonderful bravery. At length they all fell (except one man), not whipped, but crushed by the numbers of the Persians who came upon them. The one who escaped, fled to Sparta; but there he was treated as a coward and traitor to his country, and nobody would keep company with, or speak to, him. In Sparta they thought it far better to

die than to run away. Xerxes afterwards had another battle with the Greeks, in which this man fought, and gained great glory, restoring himself to the favor of his countrymen by his exceeding great valor. Xerxes had two of his brothers, and 20,000 of his men killed at Thermopylae.

We give our readers this sketch to show what great wonders can be accomplished by a few brave, determined men, when fighting for their homes, their country, and their freedom. These men were heathen, and did not know the true God. If they could perform such wonders, what can those do who have God on their side.

Xerxes had to flee from Greece to escape the fury of the Grecians, who fought with such desperation that they whipped his army in every battle. He found that victory is not always on the side of the greatest numbers.

PISA.

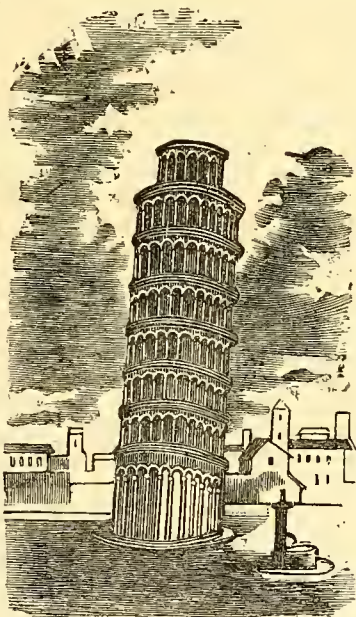
NO doubt many of the boys and girls who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR have heard of the leaning tower of Pisa, but were we to ask them where it stands, or what it is, some probably might not be able to answer. So we will try to do so for them.

First, we will look at the picture, for our friend Brother Campe has supplied us with a wood cut of the tower, and we notice a tower, eight stories high, built in the middle of an open space in the midst of a city; the tower itself not rising up straight from the ground, but leaning on one side. This is the reason of it being called the leaning tower, and "of Pisa," is added because it is situated in Pisa, a town built about eight miles from the mouth of the river Arno, in northern Italy.

This tower you will observe is shaped like a cylinder, it is 52 feet across, or in diameter, at its base, and 179 feet high. It now overhangs its base more than 13 feet, but does not lean far enough on one side to make it dangerous, as the centre of gravity falls considerably within the base of the building. Its walls also are strengthened by iron bars. Still as visitors ascend they are fully sensible when they are on the upper or lower side of the incline. The view from the top is grand. Around the city the land is quite level, but in the distance rise the snow capped summits of the Apperine mountains on one side, and the steeples of the city of Leghorn on the other.

It is said that when the tower was only partly finished, the ground sunk on one side and, of course, with it the tower. But the architect was both skillful and courageous, and he determined to finish the work he had commenced. In this he succeeded and carried out his plan, notwithstanding the peculiar position of the building.

Pisa is a very ancient city and was once one of the most powerful in Italy. After the days of the Romans, it passed in succession into the hands of the Goths, Lombards and Franks, when they conquered Italy, and at



length became almost independent. The city then rose rapidly in power and wealth. In the year 1022, with the aid of the people of Genoa; the citizens of Pisa conquered the Island of Sardinia, and a few years afterwards, the Island of Corsica became subject to them. This was the era of their greatest prosperity, which lasted for about four hundred years. Since then, owing to foreign wars with stronger neighbors, and internal feuds, the city has gradually lost its position and its strength; until to-day it is an unimportant town of some 25,000 inhabitants, doing a small trade in the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods, soap, white lead and vitriol.

Like almost every Italian city Pisa has its cathedral; and like all other Roman catholic cathedrals, it is filled with statues and paintings of Santa Maria, Santa Catharina, and a host of other saintly persons, whose histories form a great portion of the religious reading given to little Roman Catholic children. But like the stories of the good little Sunday school scholars, and pious old apple women, whose lives adorn the greater portion of some Sunday school libraries, we always felt that we were reading something that was not true, and that it was much better to tell the truth if it did not leave so much to boast of. The children of the Latter-day Saints are taught to love the principles of righteousness, to serve God and keep His commandments which is much better than filling their heads with nonsense about the holy lives of monks and nuns, and such like, who spent their days in all sorts of odd ways and strange manners, which very often were far from the way the Gospel teaches men and women to live.

G. R.

THE HEDGE HOG.

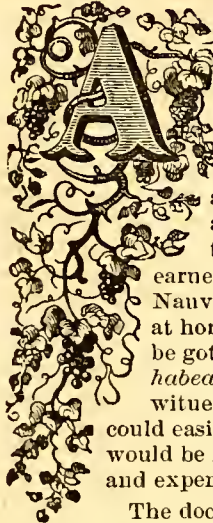
IF the name of this animal leads you to suppose that it bears any resemblance to the common hog, you will fall into an error. The only similarity between the two is in the satisfied grunt they utter as they trudge along in search of their daily fare. The shape of the hedge-hog is more like that of the beaver; but he has no such soft coat of fur. A very coarse suit of hair suffices to keep out the winter's cold from his skin; and outside of this he wears the most curious suit of armor. It is made up entirely of little spines or quills, an inch or two in length, but very sharp at the points. We must not blame the poor creature for making free use of them when he is attacked by dogs or other animals, for they are his only means of defense. He is a very harmless animal. He can neither run away when molested, nor wound his enemy with his teeth or claws; still he is well provided for. When danger approaches, he slowly tucks up his feet, rounds up his back, draws down his head, and converts himself into a very fair-shaped ball—only a ball no one would desire to play with. The dogs may bark and worry around him as much as they please, he never stirs, but knows he is as secure in his prickly castle as if he were cased in steel. By and by the dogs give it up as a poor chase, and travel off for some more profitable sport. If some poor fellow allows his temper to get the better of his judgment, and ventures to seize the creature, he is sure to pay dear for it. I knew of one dog who got his mouth and head full of these quills, and his owner was compelled to shoot him to put an end to his sufferings.

A gentlemen had a nest of little ones, with their mother, brought to his place in order to watch their habits; but though there was an abundance of food given them, the mother ate up all her babies. She could not have been a very affectionate mother, or else she was not well pleased at losing her freedom. The Indians make many beautiful articles of birch-bark, worked with these quills, which they stain various bright colors.—Selected.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



AFTER the Governor left Joseph wrote a letter to Judge Thomas, informing him that he and his brother Hyrum had been arrested upon a charge of treason; also, that the only prospect they had of justice being done, was to get their case on *habeas corpus* before an impartial judge, as the excitement and prejudice were such in Carthage that testimony was of little avail. He earnestly requested Judge Thomas to go to Nauvoo without delay, and to make himself at home at his house until the papers could be got in readiness for him to bring them on *habeas corpus*. He told the Judge that their witnesses were all at Nauvoo, and that he could easily investigate the matter there, and he would be responsible to him for all the trouble and expense.

The door of the room in which they sat was so warped that they could not fasten the latch; but Bro. Dan Jones and Colonel Stephen Markham worked at the door with a pocket knife till they could shut it; this was with the view that in case of an attack they would be better able to defend themselves.

Joseph had frequently been in danger from his enemies; he had many times been compelled to appear before Courts; but he had a different feeling at this time from any he ever had before. In alluding to it, he remarked:

"I have had a good deal of anxiety about my safety since I left Nauvoo, which I never had before when under arrest. I could not help these feelings, and they have depressed me."

Hyrum encouraged Joseph to think that the Lord, for His Church's sake, would release him from prison.

Joseph replied:

"Could my brother Hyrum but be liberated, it would not matter so much about me. Poor Rigdon, I am glad he is gone to Pittsburg; were he to preside, he would lead the church to destruction in less than five years."

The time during that day was spent in various occupations. A part of the time Joseph dictated to Dr. Richards, who was very busily engaged in writing; Elder John Taylor sung several times, and Joseph related dreams, which he had had, to the brethren. Lawyer Reid spoke encouragingly about the case. He thought he had the magistrate on a pin hook; for he had committed them without an examination, and therefore, had no further jurisdiction in the case. Reid said he would not agree to a trial unless Justice Smith would consent to go to Nauvoo for an examination, where witnesses could be had.

At half past two in the afternoon Constable Bettisworth, in company with another man, came and wanted admittance to the jail, having a letter to the jailor demanding the prisoners. The jailor could find no law authorizing justices of the peace to demand prisoners in that manner, and he refused to give them up till discharged from his custody by due course of law. Joseph sent a message to the Governor to inform him of what had just taken place; he also wrote to his lawyers, Messrs Reid and Woods. In his letter he told them that the constable had called and wanted to take them before the magistrate; also, that

Doctor Foster (an apostate) had said that they could do nothing with Joseph and Hyrum only by powder and ball. He expressed a wish to see them without delay.

But Governor Ford was not ignorant of the attempt of Bettisworth to get possession of the prisoners, nor of the threats of the apostates and others, for it was common conversation on the camp ground and in the dining-room of the hotel, in the presence of Governor Ford:

"The law is too short for these men; but they must not be suffered to go at large;" and, "if the law will not reach them, powder and ball must."

Bettisworth's failure to obtain the prisoners had also been communicated immediately to him by Justice Robert F. Smith, who inquired of him what he must do. Ford's reply was:

"We have plenty of troops; there are the Carthage Greys under your command. Bring them out."

His advice was faithfully followed. At about twenty minutes to four o'clock, the constable with the company of Carthage Greys, under the command of Frank Worrell, marched to the jail and compelled the jailor against his will and conviction of duty to deliver Joseph and Hyrum to the constable. They protested against being delivered to the constable and militia; but, finally, Joseph, seeing the mob was gathering and assuming a threatening aspect, concluded it was better to go with them; he put on his hat, and walked boldly into the midst of the hollow square of the Carthage Greys. There was every reason to believe that he would be killed in the streets before arriving at the court-house; he, therefore, had recourse to a piece of strategy; he politely locked arms with the worst mobocrat he could see, and Hyrum locked arms with Joseph. They were followed by Dr. Richards and the guard, and the brethren followed outside the square. They all went to the court-room. It was plain to be seen that Joseph's enemies were only adopting these proceedings for the purpose of getting him in their power, so they might kill him. The names of the lawyers on the side of the prosecution were: Chauncey L. Higbee, O. C. Skinner, Thomas Sharp, Sylvester Emmons, and Thomas Morrison. After some little discussion, on motion of Joseph's lawyer the examination was postponed till noon the next day, the 27th. Subpoenas were granted to get witnesses from Nauvoo. At half past five they were taken back to jail. Shortly after they arrived there Patriarch John Smith, Joseph's uncle, came from Macedonia to see his nephews. On the road he met numbers of mobbers; three of them snapped their guns at him, and he was threatened by many others who recognized him. When he reached the jail the guard refused him admittance. Joseph saw him through the window, and, after remonstrating with the guards, they finally admitted him; before doing so, however, they searched him closely. He remained an hour with them, and in the course of conversation, he asked Joseph if he thought he should ever get out of the hands of his enemies. Joseph's reply was:

"My brother Hyrum thinks I shall."

In the evening Lawyers Reid and Woods called with Elder J. P. Greene. They said the Governor and military officers had held a council, and they had decided that the Governor and all the troops should march to Nauvoo at 8 o'clock the next day, except one company of about fifty men. The object of this movement was to gratify the troops. They were to return the next day the 25th to Carthage. The fifty men who were to stay these lawyers said were to be picked by the Governor from those of the troops whose fidelity he could most rely on to guard the prisoners, who were to be left in Carthage jail, and that their trial was to be deferred until Saturday, the

29th. When this council was terminated, Robert F. Smith, the justice, who was also one of the militia officers, changed the return of the subpoenas until the 29th. This he did without consulting with anybody.

During the evening Hyrum read and commented upon extracts from the Book of Mormon, on the imprisonments and deliverances of the servants of God, who had been confined for the gospel's sake. • Joseph bore a powerful testimony to the guards at the prison concerning the divine origin of the Book of Mormon, also that the gospel had been restored, that angels had administered again unto men, and that the Kingdom of God was again established upon the earth, for the sake of which he was then confined in that prison, and not because he had violated any law of God or man.

(To be continued.)

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

THE progress I had made in learning the language surprised the elders at Honolulu. I was able to converse tolerably well with the natives, and understand what they said. When they learned how the Lord had opened our way and aided us in acquiring the language, they felt that it might be wisdom for me to continue my labors there, instead of removing to Honolulu. This, after counseling together, was the decision of the president. I was much gratified at the privilege of returning to Maui; for, to my view, prospects for accomplishing any great amount of good were not very bright then at Honolulu. Elder William Farrer sailed with me to Maui, to be a partner to Elder Henry W. Bigler.

We had scarcely reached Lahaina, when Elder Hiram Blackwell called upon us from the Island of Hawaii, where he had been with Elder James Hawkins. He was on his way to Honolulu, and expected, if it was not contrary to counsel, to return home. He was discouraged in trying to learn the language, and preach to the natives. He reached Honolulu in time to return with the other elders. At this point I may anticipate the order of my narrative by stating that Elder James Hawkins, Brother Blackwell's partner, remained on Hawaii for some time, striving to acquire the language, and to proclaim the gospel to the people. He afterwards came up to Maui and labored there, and filled a good mission before he returned home.

About three weeks after my return from Honolulu we were surprised at receiving a visit from the president of the mission. He had concluded to leave the Sandwich Islands and go to the Marquesas Islands; for he thought there was a better field there. These latter islands, 30° south of where we were then, are inhabited by a race of people whose language is very similar to that spoken by the natives of the Sandwich Islands. They are probably descendants of one common stock. But they are naturally more fierce and savage than the Sandwich Islanders. It is said of some of them, that when they are engaged in war, they have no objections to eating a piece of a roasted man; indeed, they rather relish such a meal at such times, as they think it makes them brave.

Our president's principal motive in coming to see us was to have us go with him. If prospects were no better on Maui than on the island he had been on, he thought we had better accompany him. It was not from any fear that the people of the Marquesas group would eat us, that we did not fall in with his proposal; but because we could not see the propriety of it.

Our position, just then, was a peculiar one. Here was our president, the man who had been appointed to counsel and guide us, proposing to us to leave the field to which we had been appointed, and to take a journey of several hundred miles to another land to labor. What were we to do? How far did the obedience which we owed to him require us to go? This was an important question. To disobey a man in the rightful exercise of authority, was an act from which we naturally recoiled; and an act, too, of which we were not in the least disposed to be guilty. But we felt that it would not be right for us to leave that island then. We had done but little at warning the people, or accomplishing our mission, and why leave them then any more than on the first day that we landed? We had not been appointed by the authority which called him and us to go to the Marquesas Islands; we knew of no opening there, or any reason why we should go there in preference to any other place on the earth. If we followed our president there, because he told us to come with him, and we should find no opening to preach the gospel, why not follow him to some other country if he should so require us?

Fortunately we were relieved from the necessity of refusing to comply with his counsel. He felt plainly enough that his proposal did not strike us favorably. He had not been many hours with us until he found this out; and he told us that probably it would be better for us to remain where we were until we gave the people a fair trial; and then, if we could not do anything, we could follow him, as he intended to write to us respecting his success. The first we heard from him, he had drifted down to Tahiti, on the Society Islands, where some of our elders were then laboring. His mission, however, was of no profit to himself.

(To be continued.)

INSECTS AND BIRDS.—The warm climates, or what is called the torrid zone, are infested with insects. In Ceylon the scorpions are sometimes found more than eight inches long; there are spiders, too, with legs four inches long, and bodies covered with thick black hair.

The birds of Ceylon are endowed with instinct suited to their necessities; if they built their nests in the same manner as our birds, they would be exposed to constant danger. Those of the lesser species who cannot defend themselves if they are invaded, suspend their nests at the extreme branches of trees, because Providence has given them instinct, to avoid the snakes that twine up the bodies of the trees, and apes and monkeys, that are perpetually in search of prey. Heaven instructs them to elude the gliding of the one, and the activity of the other. They are obliged to use great ingenuity in placing their little brood out of the reach of an enemy. Some species form their nests in the shape of a purse, very deep, and with a small opening at the top, and others still more cautious, form them with an entrance at the bottom, and have a lodge for their young at the top.

The most remarkable bird that I have heard of, is the *tailor bird*. It seems to be more cautious than any of the others; it will not trust its nest even to the extreme top of a slender twig, but fixes it to the leaf. It picks up a dead leaf, and strange as it may seem, sews it to the side of a living one, its slender bill being the needle, and its thread, some fine fibres; the lining, consists of feathers, gossamer, and down. Its eggs are white; the color of the bird light yellow; its length three inches; its weight only three sixteenths of an ounce, so that the materials of the nest, with the bird in it, are not likely to draw down even this slight habitation.—*Selected*.

AN ECCENTRIC CAT.

PUSS in Boots and the cat of Peter Piper are numbered among the legions stored up in youthful memories. We relate a story coming from reliable sources, which our readers are at liberty to class with those fictions or believe just as they choose.

Last year Mr. Charles Edgerly, of Meredith, owned a cat which was a regular hunter. He would go off and bring in rabbits quite often. If any of the family went berrying, Tommy would go too, and devote his energies to wild game. If he became separated from the party, he would climb a tree and ascertain the direction to head itself to find them. He could catch birds on trees, and the boys of the family, knowing the propensity of squirrels to take to fences and stone walls when in danger, would put him on a wall and alarm the game. One afternoon Tommy caught fifteen squirrels in this manner. He would wait any length of time when put down in a place and told to stay there.

One day he brought a rat and laid it at the feet of Mr. E., who took out his knife and skinned it. Pussy surveyed the operation with intense interest, and seemed highly pleased at it. Mr. E. said, "Go get another," and the cat went off and returned, at intervals during the day, with three more, which were duly skinned under feline superintendence. Mr. E. told the cat that he would skin all the rats it could catch, and henceforth pussy made it his sole occupation to catch the rats and see their hides removed. The skins of the rats were fastened on the barn at a distance of a few feet from the ground. Thirty-seven trophies were in time displayed on the barn. One day this feline Nimrod brought in a rat and laid it at Mr. E.'s feet. He was busy at the time, and could not gratify the animal with the usual skinning operation. The cat laid it at his feet three successive times, and was finally repulsed in such a manner that Tommy went off with his back and tail up in the peculiar stiff gait which enraged animals have. From that day not a rat would he catch, though other small game continued to suffer as of old.

But now comes the wonderful part of the tale. On the night of the day in which he became so mortally offended, Tommy went out to the barn and tore down the hides of the thirty-seven victims, to show its resentment of the insult. Such a case is rarely heard of, and so we record it for our readers, young and old. Though it would keep all its old habits, such as skating, (for it would slide in the best manner it was able, on the ice, whenever the boys went) it never again was known to catch a rat to the day of its death, which happened some few months after, by being caught in a fox trap.—*Selected.*

CHIESS.—Most young people have heard of the game of chess, but perhaps few know how ancient it is. It is said to have been invented in India, early in the sixth century. The Chinese call it the game of the Elephant, and say they had it from the Indians in 537. The Arabians say that the Persians taught it to them. With the Arabians it came into Spain, from Spain to France, and by the French it was brought in the eleventh century to England; from there it very naturally came to America. It is said that Don John of Austria had a hall paved with checkers of black and white marble, upon which living men moved according to his direction, by the rules of chess. A Duke of Weymar is also said to have played chess in the same manner with living soldiers.—*Selected.*

THE heart which is capable of receiving the purest rays of joy, must have been shadowed by the darkest clouds of sorrow.

Selected Poetry.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark.
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark.

Should opponents hedge your way
Make your mark;
Work by night, or work by day,
Make your mark.
Struggle manfully and well,
Let no obstacle oppose;
None right-shielded ever fell
By the weapons of his foes;
Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade,
Make your mark.
Marks of some kind must be made,
Make your mark.
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong—
Make it with the stamp of truth;
Make your mark.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

Take heed of this small child of earth;
He is great: he hath in him God most high;
Children, before their fleshly birth,
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light, bitter world of wrongs
They come; God gives us them awhile;
His speech is in their stammering tongues,
And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes;
Alas! their right to joy is plain:
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower,
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Mau holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in heaven what thunder stirs.

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